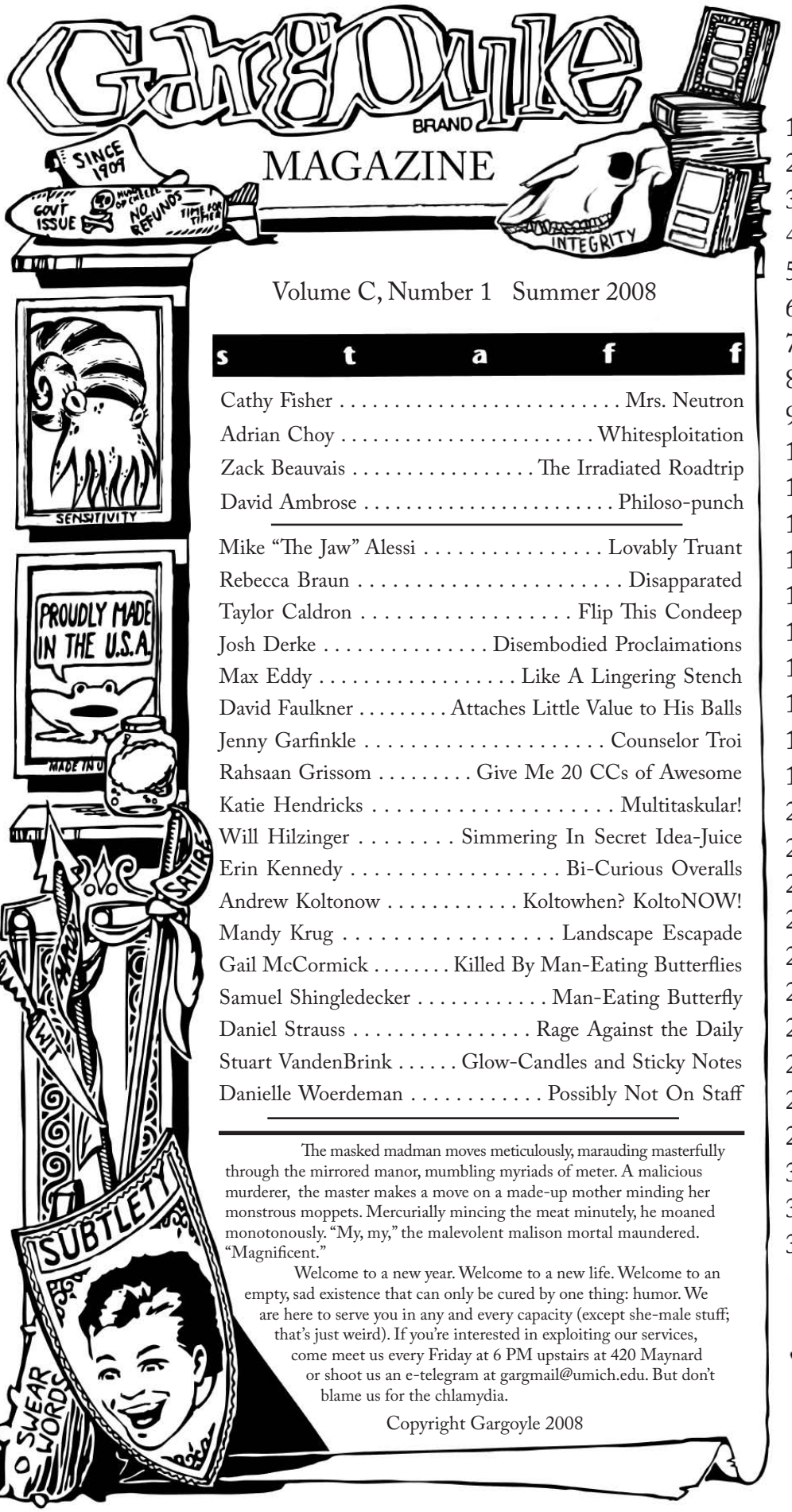
GargOyle

MAGAZINE

Presents...

the future!

Vol. C No. 1 Summer 2008



Volume C, Number 1 Summer 2008

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Cathy Fisher . . . . . Mrs. Neutron
Adrian Choy . . . . . Whitesploitation
Zack Beauvais . . . . . The Irradiated Roadtrip
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Mike "The Jaw" Alessi . . . . . Lovably Truant
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Stuart VandenBrink . . . . . Glow-Candles and Sticky Notes
Danielle Woerdeman . . . . . Possibly Not On Staff

The masked madman moves meticulously, marauding masterfully through the mirrored manor, mumbling myriads of meter. A malicious murderer, the master makes a move on a made-up mother minding her monstrous moppets. Mercurially mincing the meat minutely, he moaned monotonously. "My, my," the malevolent malison mortal maundered. "Magnificent."

Welcome to a new year. Welcome to a new life. Welcome to an empty, sad existence that can only be cured by one thing: humor. We are here to serve you in any and every capacity (except she-male stuff; that's just weird). If you're interested in exploiting our services, come meet us every Friday at 6 PM upstairs at 420 Maynard or shoot us an e-telegram at gargmail@umich.edu. But don't blame us for the chlamydia.

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HOW DID THINGS END UP THIS WAY?
BEARS, COPPER MINES, AND ST'D'S
MI

Philosophy

By
Cathy

Greetings, readers, and welcome to another year of the same old shit. This year is special, however, in that it is the hundredth year of our shit, making it some of the oldest out there.

Yep, it looks like we're going to make it to the big 100, joining the ranks of the Harvard Lampoon, Yale Mongoose and Princeton Foreskin. Except in that the Harvard Lampoon sells subscriptions on Amazon and as far as I know, the only people who hold a subscription to the Gargoyle are Mr. and Mrs. Jorge Martinez, an elderly Mexican couple who won it in a raffle.

So we're not widely read, even on the campus whose dark alleyways and utility closets we've haunted for nigh a century. Does it bother us? *Sure.* Do we feel some resentment towards more popular publications? *Naturally.* Sometimes when we pop our zits, do we pretend they are the Every Three Weekly and Chill? *Who doesn't?* The fact is, we have been here longer than they have and will remain long after they're gone.

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You know what else will remain longer after various college publications are gone? Glass jars. That's a fact.

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This is not the typical best-of issue we usually publish at the beginning of the year. I can imagine the little squeal of pleasure, surprise, and arousal you just uttered — it was really cute, by the way. This issue is special in that it has some of the best content from last year and also several things that are one-hundred percent absolutely new. Things such as:

"A Condeep for Christmas," the touching coming-of-age story of a girl purchasing her first bra; "Jeremy's Couch," the touching coming-of-age story of a boy masturbating to the thought a of a girl purchasing her first bra; and "Things Robots Can't Do," the touching coming-of-age story of an old man who collects a postcard from each of the fifty states. I think you're going to like them.

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We think about you, the reader, at The Gargoyle. We think about you going to class, doing homework, shooting hoops, putting on underwear, and eating cashews. We know you like cashews. A lot.

One of our favorite things to think about is you reading this magazine while enjoying a big bowl of salted cashews. Getting your greasy little cashew fingerprints on the pages as you turn them. Laughing at an unexpected joke and spraying the issue with flecks of saliva and chewed cashew bits. This may seem like a beautiful and unattainable dream, but it's very possible.

I forget where I was going with that, so let's move on.

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The good thing about writing is that you don't have to do it all at once. It can be a long and arduous process. You can spend years writing simple, stylistically unremarkable, and frivolous things that no one will ever remember.

For example, it has taken me nearly fourteen years on and off to write up to here in this Philosophy. It took me eight months to get from the word "nearly" to the word "this" in the previous sentence. You don't believe me? Good, because that was obviously bullshit. Everyone knows a typical Philosophy only takes three years to write.

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the Interwebnet at:
http://pub.umich.edu/garg/

Dear Gargoyle,
Quit your fucking whining. The rest of the student body is too damn lazy to write a letter when clearly your own writers have that aspect down pat. Plus those sons-of-bitches get paid.

-Dedicated Gargoyle Fan

P. S. I want to get paid for this piece of shit letter by the way.

Dear Mr. Dedicated,
We're intensely sorry for our whininess in the previous issue. We appreciate your opinions and the time you spent composing this thoughtful letter. Unfortunately, we will be unable to provide you with monetary compensation at this point in time due an indiscretion of the previous editor involving a shipment of 14,000 goose-down pillows and a high-stakes Craps game last November. If it's any comfort to you, the low-ranking peons on staff who write letters and responses don't get paid, either.

Kisses and hugs,
The Gargoyle

To whom it may concern:

It is my understanding he bought Johnny Rocker and closed the road, burst into fangs crying worthless worthless worthless. He wanted a gun fart with the sultanate standing in the wall. It helps me think about her.

Yours in combat,
Grey Sarnia

P. S. Where are his antennae fries?

Dear Gargoyle,
What would the world be like without Sausage Pizza Delivery-themed pornography?

-Rebessica

Dear Rebessica,
There would be a lot more of the disturbing Pineapple Pizza Delivery-themed pornography.

-Gargoyle

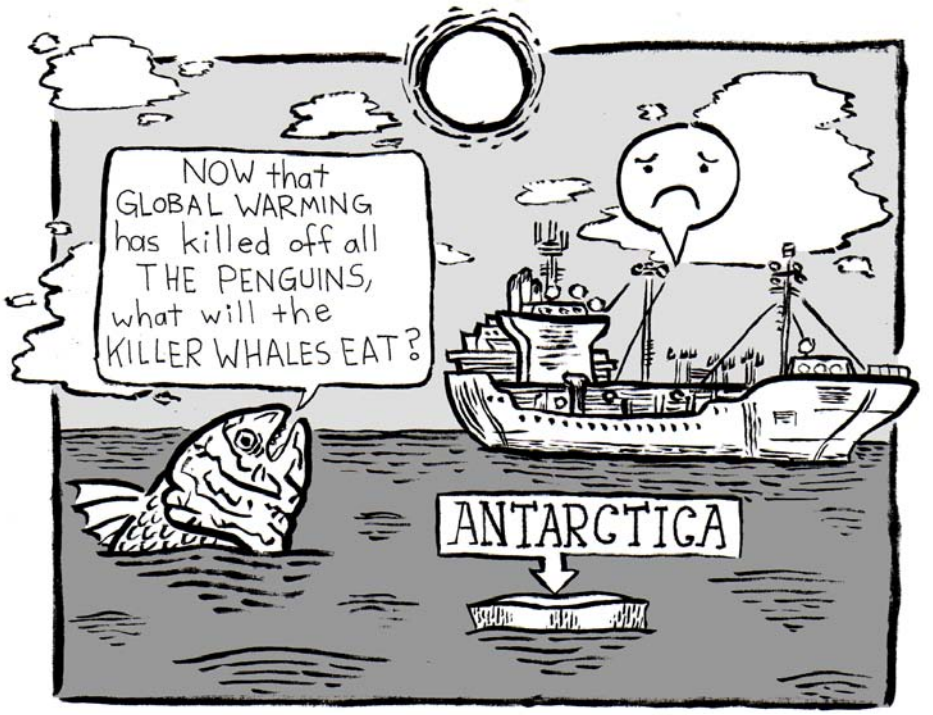
Dear Gargoyle,
Max Weinburg's lime penis, or my blueberry penis?

Sincerely,
David Nizarro

Dear Gargoyle,
We want you to know you have our full support and we are huge fans of your magazine. Keep up the good work!
-The Gay and Lesbian Community

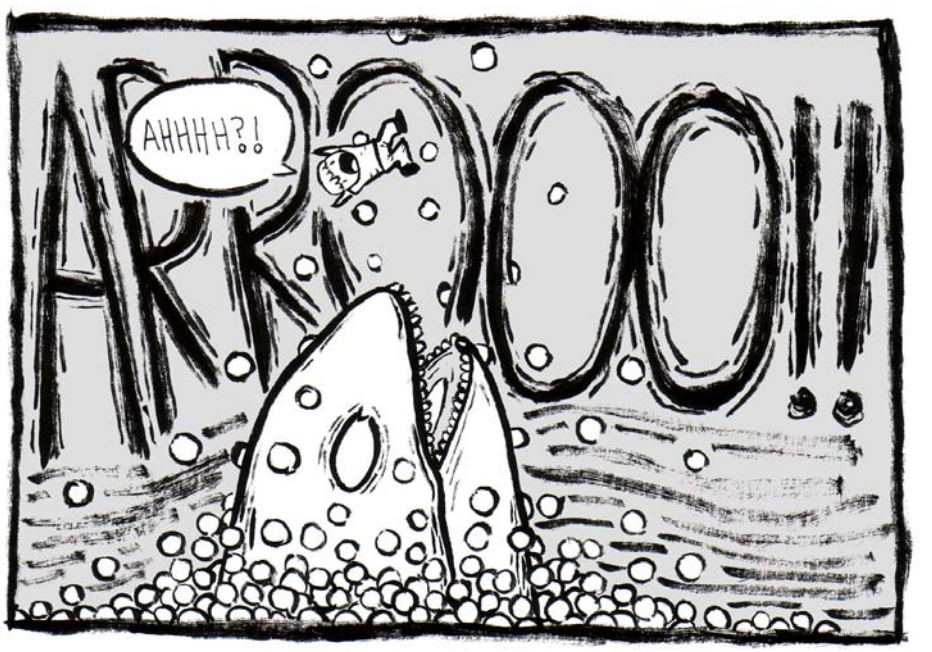
Dear Gays,
Thanks. It's good to know we've got you on our side.
-Garg

We also received a letter from dedicated reader and letter-writer "Amanda," but we have temporarily misplaced it. We'll publish it when we find it!
-Ed.


NOW that GLOBAL WARMING has killed off all THE PENGUINS, what will the KILLER WHALES EAT?
ANTARCTICA

ELSEWHERE...
NO SHOES IN BALLPIT

I SURE HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH TICKETS TO BUY A LAVA LAMP!
TIX


AHHHH?!
ARROOO!!

The Final Moments of Ronny the Jaded Firefighter Baby

I wake up with a start, soaked in sweat, to the smell of smoke and the frantic wailing of sirens. My room is a broiler and I can see flames licking their way around the door frame. God damn it. God-fucking-damn it. As if this isn't bad enough, my diaper is full of shit.

I've seen a lot of good babies go down like this. I guess it's about time my number was up. It's just another day in this fucked-up crib.

Last week it was Johnson — Sammy Johnson. Jesus, he was just a fucking kid, barely even using a sippy cup. All they found of him was a half-melted pacifier. Before him it was others. Countless others. I can't even remember how many. The first few hurt — they hurt like a punch in the balls. But as the weeks passed, I felt it less and less. Each face was just another tiny, forgotten grave. Just move on. Another name, another playdate.

At nap time I see each one of them. Every time I close my eyes, there they are: the endless faces of mourning mommies. I remember looking into each one and saying, "Your son was a brave baby. He died with honor." But I don't believe that shit anymore. Give 'em a medal, give 'em a fucking flag. What's that compared to their son's life?

I hear Mommy's muffled screams outside. "My baby! My baby's in there!"

The flames are closing in now, eating their way across the racecar wallpaper. I wonder what motherfucker started this one. Could be arson, or maybe just some jerk throwing his cigarette into the dumpster out back. It's always shit like that. And what do we do to stop these assholes? Nothing, just throw more good babies onto the fire.

I can't help thinking about last night. I saw her from across the room at daycare and couldn't look away. Blue eyes…she had such blue eyes. Her name was Polly. I crawled across the floor to her and as soon as her hand wrapped around my finger, I was hooked. Goddamn, she was beautiful. She made me feel things I hadn't felt for ages. But I guess now I'll never see her again. That's fucking life for you, eh?

A dark figure tromps past my doorway and I try to scream, but it's no use; all that comes out is a choked cough, and the roar of the flames drowns that out anyway. What's that fucking Peecook thinking, anyway? Typical of him, sending only one firefighter into a doomed building to get one doomed soul, and a damned one to boot. These motherfuckers only make it to captain because they get lucky. They were like me: they survived. I guess not anymore, though.

I smile bitterly and pull a pack of Marlboros out from under Teddy. For a moment I grope for my lighter, then shrug and simply light the cig off the flames steadily creeping up the boiling varnish on my crib.

Resigned to my fate, I lie back onto my blankie and smile bitterly, exhaling. The ceiling is starting to fall down in chunks around me and I feel myself sinking towards unconsciousness.

Polly, I think. Polly, I'm so fucking sorry. We could have been great. We could have made it all the way to kindergarten. Remember me. Even if I was just another bitter, jaded son of a bitch, I was a son of a bitch who loved you.

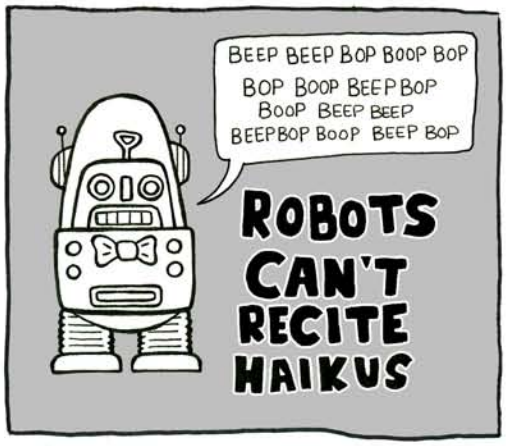
A recent breakthrough in artificial skin technology has led the geniuses of the Gargoyle to design a masterpiece of visual and sensual euphoria. Critics have been buzzing since last October, and the final product has finally been made available to the clamoring masses!

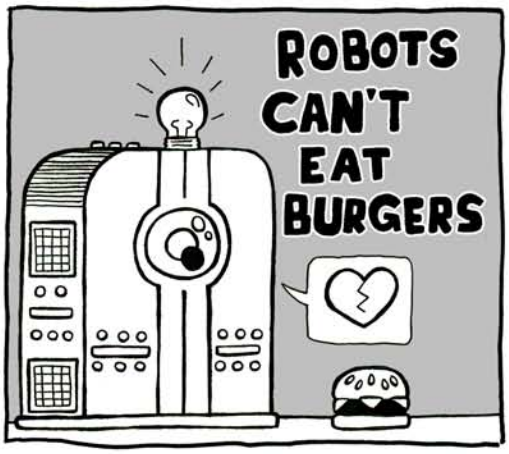
Since many of you have yet to lay eyes on this marvelous product, we have it modeled for you here:

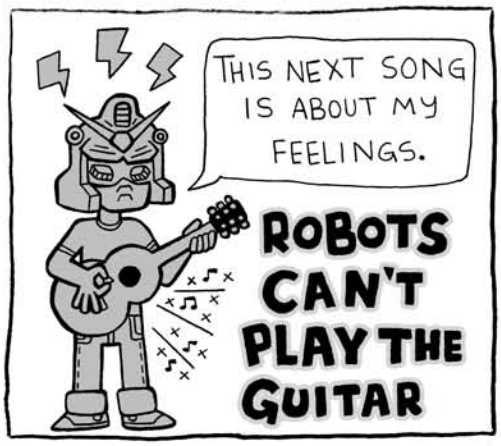
CONSUME, CONSUME, CONSUME!

Gargoyle tees now only $15!
Available now in our electrical-store at
http://www.pub.umich.edu/garg

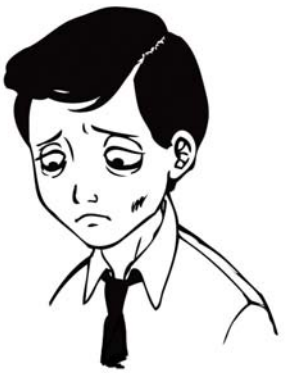
THINGS ROBOTS CAN'T DO







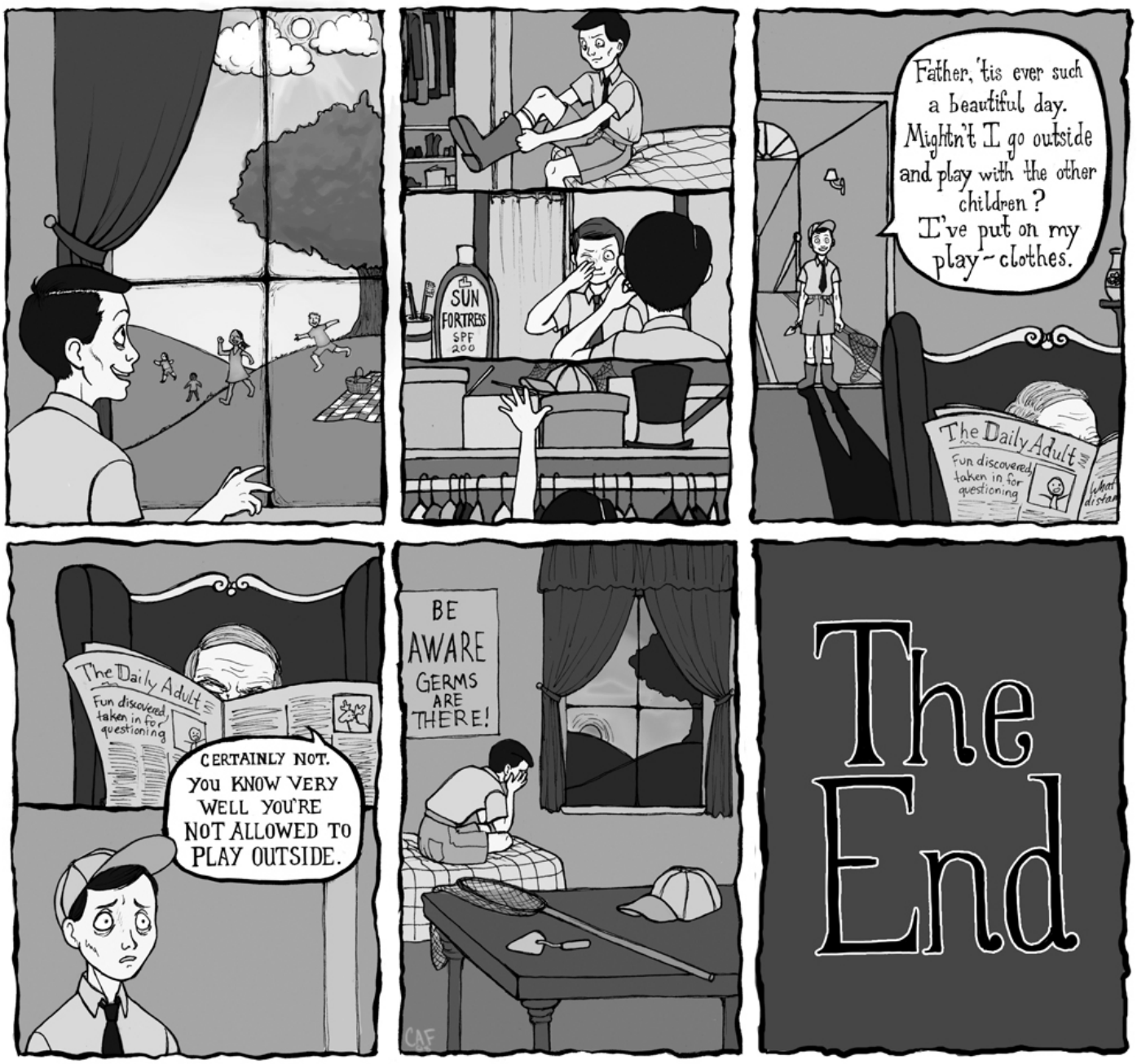
LET'S PUT A SMILE ON THAT FACE



The Continuing Adventures of Sickly Peter

Part One

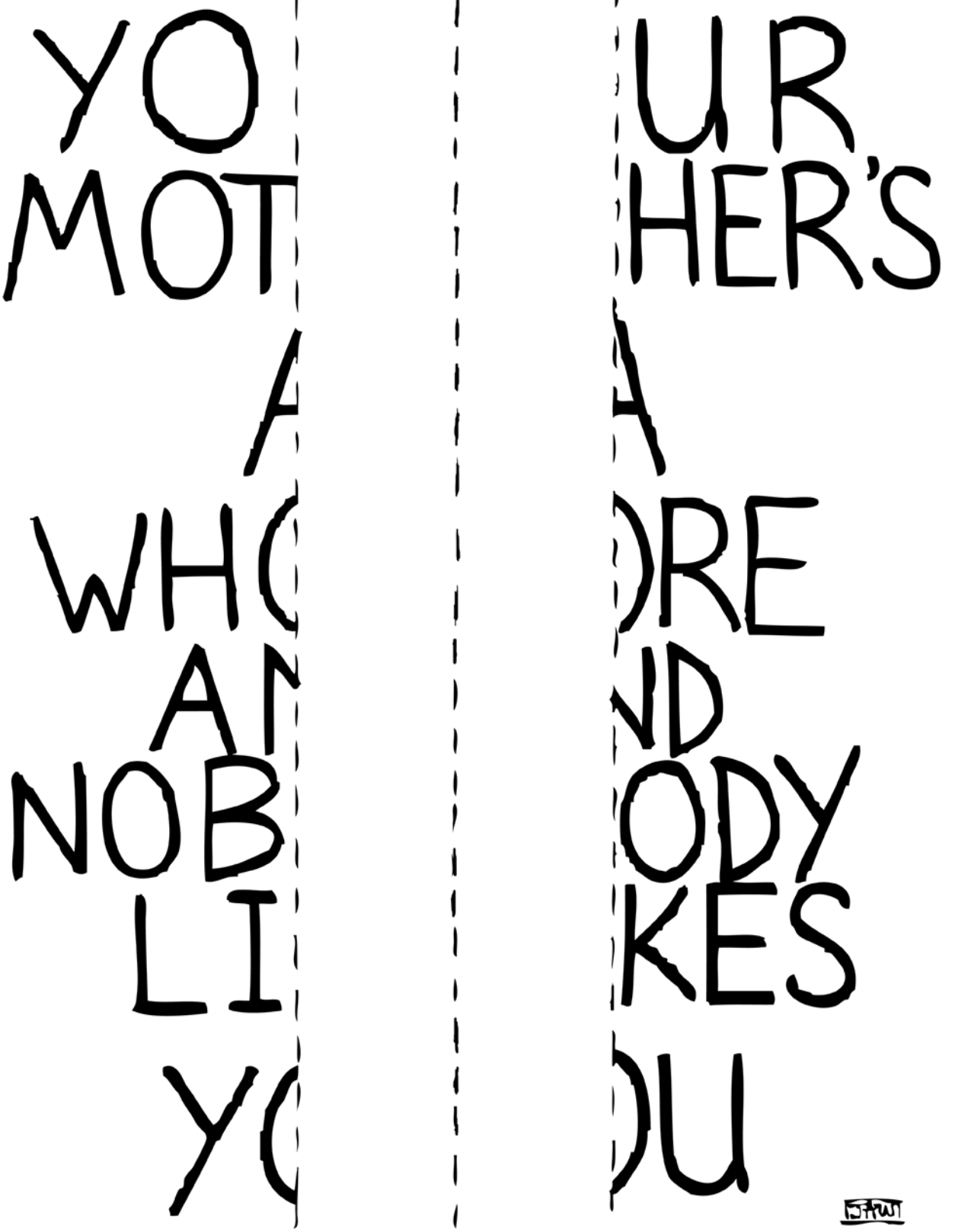
(In Which Sickly Peter is Not Allowed to Play Outside)


Father, 'tis ever such a beautiful day. Mightn't I go outside and play with the other children? I've put on my play-clothes.
SUN FORTRESS SPF 200
The Daily Adult
Fun discovered, taken in for questioning
CERTAINLY NOT. YOU KNOW VERY WELL YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO PLAY OUTSIDE.
BE AWARE GERMS ARE THERE!
The End

Fold in! →

← Fold in!

Oh what joy! Another patented Gargoyle fold-in poster! Fold along the dotted lines to read the secret message!



Tom Waits for No Man

By Zack Beauvais

New York, New York
18 August, 1979

The rays of red and green disco lights bounced off the silver "54" on the door as it swung open with fury. Tom stormed in. He wore a dark pinstriped suit with a black and white checkered shirt, no tie, his trademark porkpie, and dark grey loafers – sockless. The dance floor was filled with smoke as Tom marched through the crowd of weirdos, movie stars, stockbrokers, and artists. He himself wasn't smoking and it pained him. The laws of time-transfer kinetics proved that cigarette smoke left a uniquely quantized and easily detectable direction beam and he knew it was only a matter of time before Costello figured it out. He couldn't take the risk of being detected or coughing while in the continuum. But as he walked towards Warhol's table, he threw the risk to hell and lit a 1954 unfiltered Lucky Strike, his favorite vintage.

Warhol was sitting with his back to the wall, in silver hair and sunglasses, chin resting on his right hand with an upturned index finger. He held a slight smile on his pale lips. Little did he know that the dark figure in front of him had traveled over forty years through time to erase that smile. Grace Jones sat to Warhol's left, leaning over and sniffing coke off the cigarette case resting on her bare knee. Four young, heroin-chic blondes sat to Warhol's right. In their matching skintight black and green jumpsuits, the Factory Girls were more a set of clones than individual muses.

Tom Waits lumbered towards the table, his Lucky Strike clenched between his incisors. He had a plan, and even though he admired the man sitting before him, he knew the future needed him to kick Andy Warhol's ass. In one precise movement, Tom flipped the table and threw Grace Jones out of his way. Stepping over her, Tom tackled Warhol to the ground. His right fist pounded Warhol's face until it bore a stronger resemblance to

a ball of soaked red felt than an enigmatic genius. The now-broken Ray-Bans that had adorned Andy's face cut Tom's hand as he relentlessly pummeled the tiny man in plain view of the astonished Studio 54 crowd. Tom let out a deep grunt as he stood up and looked down at Warhol balled up on the floor, took a deep drag on the cigarette, and flicked the still burning butt before turning to leave.

Already in motion, with his back to the scene of carnage, the Factory Girls followed Tom out of the club. With their leader now destroyed, they became Tom's disciples. A slow clap originated from the far corner and grew in intensity as it quickly spread through the whole discotheque. As Tom and his newly formed entourage reached the door, miraculously, a slight voice was heard through the now raucous crowd.

Andy lifted his bloody, broken body from the floor and said, "Sir?" A pause. The night-clubbers were silent. Then with his right hand Warhol crisply saluted Tom Waits.

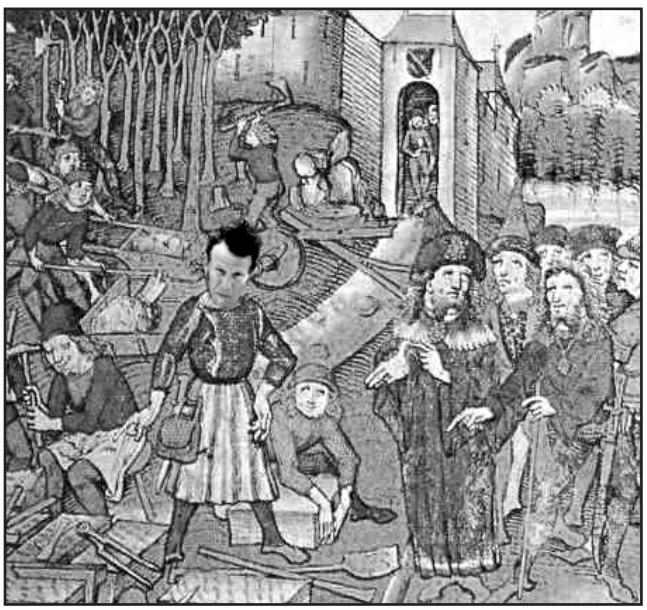
Waits, facing his first victim in time, replied, "Carry on, soldier."

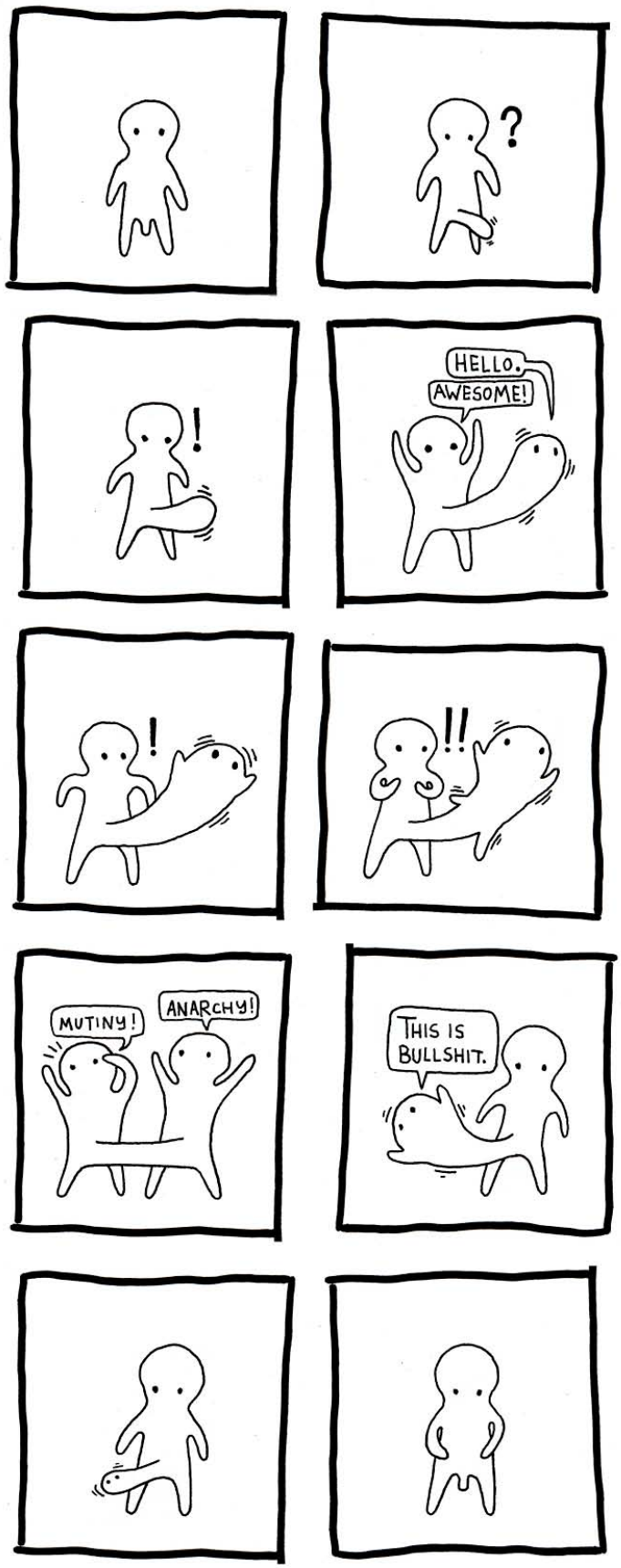
The Factory Girls ran into the street and jacked a small fleet of Harleys. Warhol always made a point of training his muses in the art of car theft, but until Waits' arrival, their skills had never been put to use.

At being presented the hogs, Tom asked, "Do you want to follow me to a party, ladies?"

"Where is it?" The tallest of the four Factory Girls asked.

"Hell's Kitchen, 1934," Tom responded smugly. He kick-started the bike and the five rode off forty-five years deeper into the past. They spent the night drinking hard cider in an empty warehouse. Tom Waits left for the Middle Ages first thing in the morning while the Factory Girls slept soundly in the past.





The Renaissance – in Space!

The Italian Renaissance has long been known as a time of enormous innovation in the realms of art, mathematics, and philosophy. But in his new book, *Medici to the Moon: The First Space Race*, famed historian Dr. Giacomo Marenzio suggests we add "rocket science" to that list as well.

The book is based upon a collection of blueprints, letters, and essays discovered last winter in the basement of Tutti Frutti, a Florentine gelateria.

"Soon after getting my hands on the Frutti Papers, it became clear to me that this was big—really big," Marenzio explained in a prepared statement. "I knew right away that they were the biggest historical find of the century."

The papers, he claims, are plans for the first ever manned missions to space. He estimates that they date back to early in the 16th century and, based on handwriting analysis, that nearly every big name of the Renaissance was a contributor, from Da Vinci to Michelangelo to Machiavelli. This 16th century "dream team" was assembled and funded by the influential Medici family to tackle what is described in the Frutti Papers' mission statement as "the final frontier…the land of our Holy Father." This rambling twelve-page outline for the project goes on to describe in detail such issues as how to breach the "glistening vaporous spheres" which surround the Earth, how man's humors respond to changing air pressure, and whether or not they would be stopped at some point by St. Peter.

Three men piloted the world's first spacecraft—powered primarily by substance similar to gunpowder and a rudimentary bicycle: Cosimo the Bald, a Medici flunkie considered expendable enough to send on the voyage; Lorenzo Tenaglia, a slow-witted blacksmith relegated mostly to pedaling; and the elderly but vivacious Leonardo da Vinci.

All evidence in the papers seems to indicate that their first attempt failed, at least in that they did not arrive in Heaven. They instead spent four days in orbit before, thanks to Da Vinci's ingenuity and Tenaglia's mechanical skill, managing to reenter the atmosphere and—remarkably—land in the Adriatic, not far off the coast of Ravenna. Cosimo, a weak swimmer, tragically drowned before he reached the shore. At this point, the disappointed Medici withdrew funding from the project and the scholars were forced to continue on their own wind.

They responded to their initial failure with slight twinges of agnosticism and a firm determination to make the most of their new knowledge.

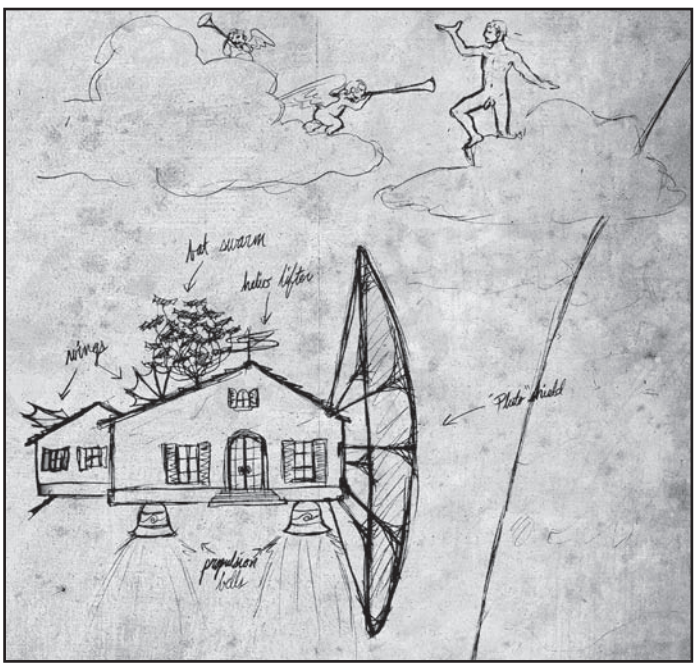
"At that point, I was forced to extrapolate a little," Marenzio admitted. "Compared to the beginning of their venture, there is almost no documentation on this final phase." A few cryptic sketches and letters seem to indicate that construction began in extreme secrecy on a new project.

This project was the world's first space station. More shocking still, this space station still exists—we merely know it as the former planet of Pluto. Although the vast majority of the scientific world holds that Pluto is a large, frigid, rocky mass located more than 4.4 billion kilometers away from the Sun, Marenzio's research indicates that it is a mere 12 kilometers away from the surface of the Earth, only 200 feet in diameter, and what we perceive to be the surface of the planet is simply a large piece of painted canvas over a wooden frame. This frame shields the bulk of the station—an airtight, pressurized Italian villa.

Working closely with art historians, Marenzio has identified Michelangelo as the painter of the canvas shield by the profusion of idealized young men and mannish women with ersatz breasts in the shadows of craters. It's apparent by the number of devices attached to the station's exterior (including wings, rudimentary propellers, and a swarm of bats, each individually tied to the villa's roof by a string) that none of its designers knew exactly what would be necessary to keep their grand fortress of solitude in orbit.

Despite these seeming ineptitudes, it's clear that the station was a success. It remains in excellent condition and seems to still be following its intended orbital path. More astonishing still, thermal imaging has indicated that after five hundred years, life is still present within the villa. NASA is currently working closely with Italian linguists to plan a mission to deliver a carefully drafted letter and several attractive pre-pubescent boys as a peace offering to whatever remains of the Renaissance, since they cannot be contacted by any modern means.

Marenzio's book concludes thusly: "All of this is fantastic and wonderful, of course, but in the end are we really surprised?"



This sketch, found among the Frutti Papers, is the first ever to be attributed to both Da Vinci and Michelangelo.

Department of Research and Development
3419 Burton Circle, P.O. Box 143, Los Angeles, CA 90210
Phone: 292-555-3475 Fax: 434-555-4732
snoopd@earthlink.net

Dear Girls Gone Wild Board of Directors,

As many of you are no doubt aware, our company has fallen on hard times in recent years. Hundreds of smaller, low-budget companies have begun to copy our bitch-on-the-street approach to adult material and have eaten away at our profit margins.

In 2002, I revolutionized our company and the pornography industry with my immensely successful "Doggy Style" videos. With our looming financial problems, I have returned now with an outline for a new series of videos which I think will save us from the brink of certain disaster.

Premise: Obviously plot, storylines, acting, and production values only matter to women, not our target audience, but it is my belief that pornographic videos that feature a social message will find a niche.

Film Ideas

Title: U.N. of Love

John Negroponte, U.N. Secretary Ban Ki-Moon, and several others will headline this film. In it, we will feature hundreds of naked women of all races, creeds, and colors. Our goal will be to demonstrate that there are no boundaries to hotness.

Title: Quit Eatin' Pie

In this reality-show-type film, I will work with a number of overweight women and a personal trainer to help them lose weight and change their unhealthy lifestyles. The women will then take their clothes off and make out with each other.

Title: Wife of a Wife

I play a conservative senator in the Deep South. Two hot ladies come in and tell me that they want to get married. I tell them that it's wrong and I can't allow it. They're really sad and start making out with each other. I realize they are truly in love as they start to fondle and undress each other. My character realizes the error of his ways and decides to embrace gay marriage. The hot women are so moved that they both have sex with me while an opera singer performs "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Title: Freedom

A hot Lady Liberty is all alone. I start to make out with her, show her titties, and she pushes me away. She says that she can't, and then reveals a thong with the word "INTOLERANCE" written

across it. I rip it off, symbolically freeing American liberty from its history, and then we have some pretty good sex. All of the dialogue should be in verse.

Title: Stand Up and Get Down

I play a man who does not support stem cell research. On the subway, I meet a totally hot woman who is sitting and I start talking to her. She gives me her number and we start making out. Her tits will be shown at this point in the film. The subway stops, and everyone has to get up and it becomes obvious that she is paralyzed from the waist down and in a wheelchair. In the next scene, I learn that only stem cells can make her sexable. I realize that stem cell research is OK and help the woman get some stem cells to make her not paralyzed. I will then have sex with her.

(This film has enough story elements that it could be marketed towards women. GGW should push for a theatrical release.)

Title: (some kind of pun about Iraq and things being wrecked – leave it to marketing)

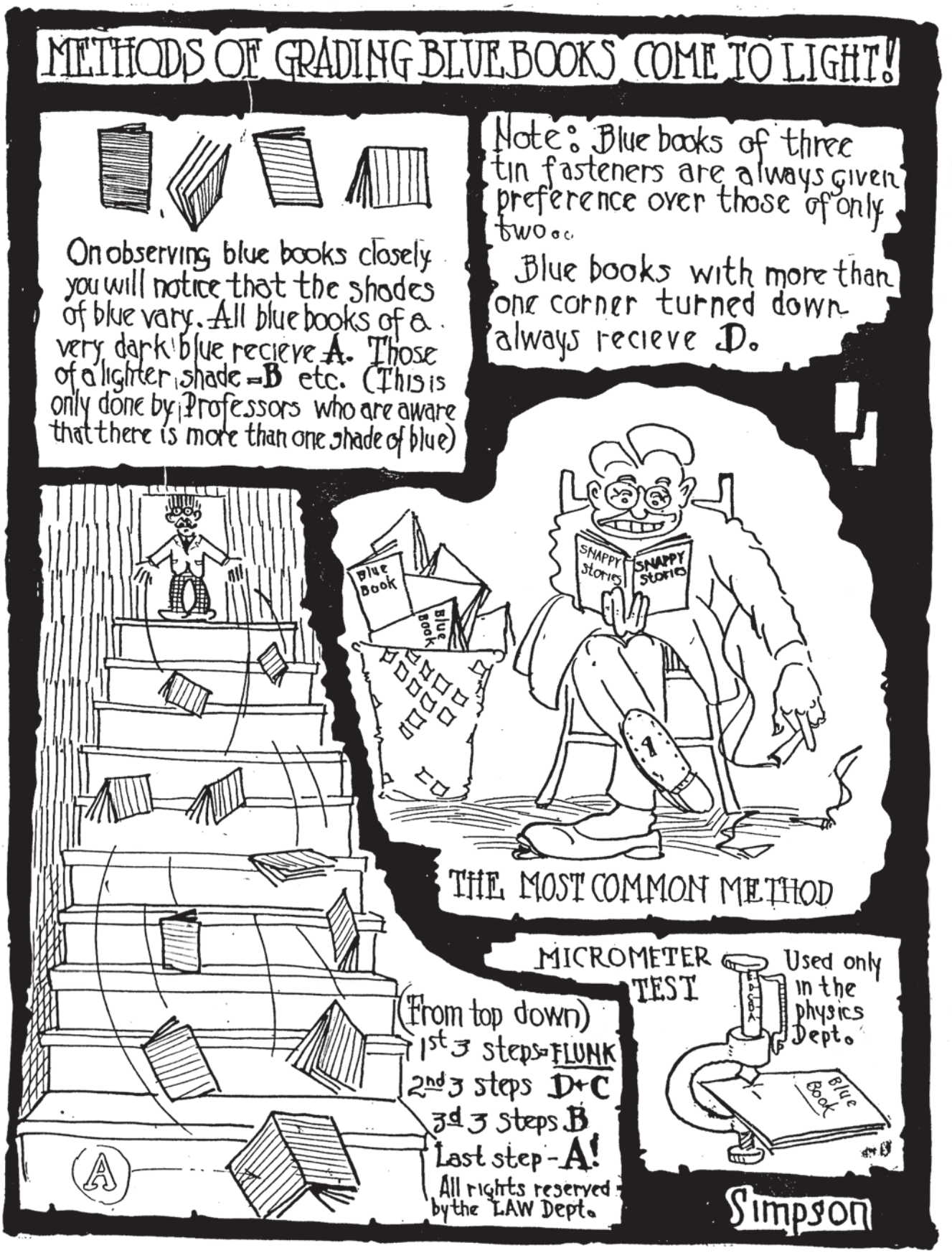
Through a series of documentary-style interviews with leading Iraq scholars and U.S. leaders, I highlight many of the issues surrounding the invasion and occupation. I believe I can show that the Iraq War is very complex, and not as clear-cut as pundits would have you believe. I also hope to correct misconceptions about Iraq and Islam in this film. At the end, I will have sex with one or more women.

Some possible marketing programs to accompany the films:

- Screen the films at art theaters. I'll be available to do a Q&A with the audience.
- Create a series of study guides for a University of Phoenix current events course centered around the films (the university is already on board).
- Form clubs of men who can watch and discuss the videos together. Like book clubs. Except with porno.

Word,
Snoop Dogg

Now we present another gem from the Gargoyle vaults. This comic hails from the distant year of 1919, and it's still applicable today. Note that these days, however, the Physics department uses lasers.


METHODS OF GRADING BLUE BOOKS COME TO LIGHT!
On observing blue books closely you will notice that the shades of blue vary. All blue books of a very dark blue recieve A. Those of a lighter shade = B etc. (This is only done by Professors who are aware that there is more than one shade of blue)
Note: Blue books of three tin fasteners are always given preference over those of only two..
Blue books with more than one corner turned down always recieve D.
Blue Book
SNAPPY STORIES
THE MOST COMMON METHOD
(From top down)
1st 3 steps = FLUNK
2nd 3 steps D+C
3d 3 steps B
Last step - A!
A
All rights reserved by the LAW Dept.
MICROMETER TEST
Used only in the physics Dept.
Simpson

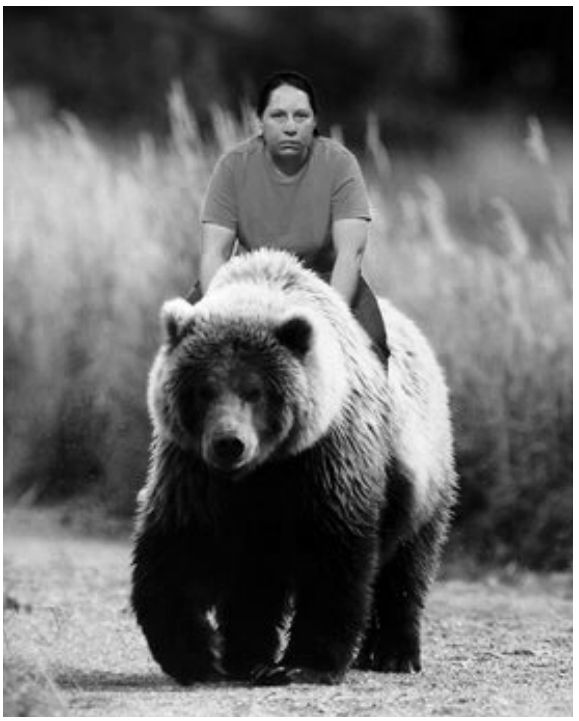
A Day in the Life of Meefop, the Environmentalist

Morning of the 2nd Full Moon of the New Spring, 2008

I awoke today to the familiar sound of my wives bickering with one another over which of them must ride Henry the Bear into town today to gather more children for the equinox. With all the children used for the solstice now composted, we have no choice but to harvest new orphans daily – we haven't a large enough stock for this equinox's sacrifice.

Fortunately, I think the Forest Goddess will smile upon us regardless. We've become more efficient nowadays in protecting the forest from hikers and boy scout troops. After we have gathered the useful materials from them (typically the skin, hair, and pineal gland), we have begun to plant seeds in their bodies which will grow into mighty trees, ensuring that their souls will be trapped forever – a sure way to protect against the reincarnation of these demons.

In other good news, I have almost finished sewing together my jacket for this winter. Who knew that human hair could provide so much warmth when mixed with deer saliva?



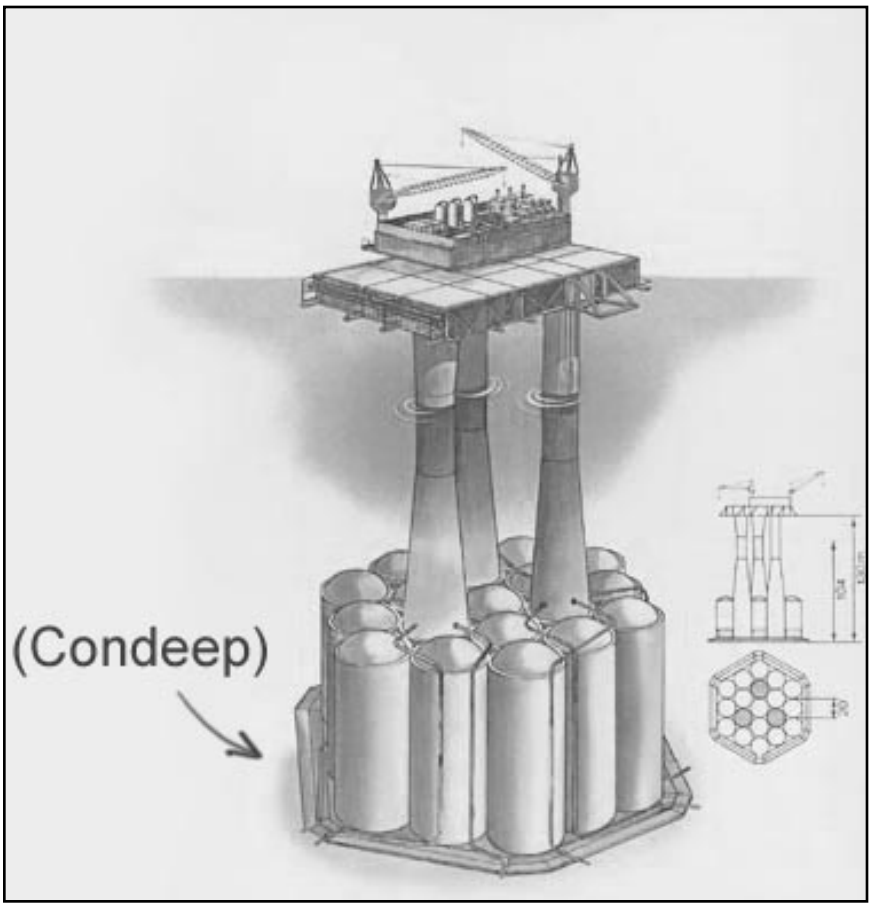
One of Meefop's wives rides Henry the Bear into town.

My eldest son, Mushroom Cranapple, turns 14 later this week. It makes me sad to admit that he is having troubles in school. You see, some of the other boys and girls have begun to tease him about his perfectly normal lifestyle. They seem to have some problem with the lunch I pack him (fresh tree fern and fermented goat urine) even though it's quite healthy. They also tease him about how he dresses. I've tried to get him to explain that tree bark is nature's way of giving us clothing, but he's too shy to argue.

Now I must cease writing and be on my way. I can tell by the drone of a few of my wives that they are suffering from a protein deficiency, a matter that must be dealt with immediately. Due to our strict vegetarian diet, my person has now become their only source of meat, and I must see to that responsibility promptly.

HEY
THERE

A Condeep for Christmas



It was Christmas morning, and the living room was filled with mirth. Katie was so excited for her gifts this year; she was sure she was getting a life-sized Barbie. She tore open box after box, finding only stuffed animals and clothes. She became infuriated when she noticed that her only present left was in a very small box.

Tears forming in her eyes, she slowly unwrapped this last one. It was a picture, in a frame. She couldn't quite tell what it was; it seemed to be some sort of underwater, concrete tank. Trying to make herself feel better, she began imagining the fabulous things this tank could be: maybe a stable for show dolphins? A food silo for her new pet whale?

"Can a whale really eat that much food?" Katie wondered aloud.

"What?" Her mother asked.

"You know, that whole tank?"

"Oh, silly Katie," her father laughed. "That's not a food tank. It's a Condeep that we bought from the Norwegians this summer."

"Well, what's it for?"

"It's for you, dear."

"What do you mean?" Katie began to feel apprehensive.

"For the next twenty-seven years, you will live in that, hidden away under the sea."

"But why?"

"Because we're having another child, and we don't want your foulness disheartening him like it has us. "

And with those words, Katie was sent away.

A Few Lines of Shitty Beat Poetry

Driving driving driving in cars
Of mustachioed uncles and fathers
Grand National Buicks
Beating me off…the line
Why did they lose their pink
Slips in races trying to recapture ideas
Of their adolescence

Hatred hatred hatred in the growths
Of malignant pulp fiction
(Not the movie)
Directed on the censors of
Violating hurt feelings
Put downs catchwords foretold
Of the ivory teachers of first grade

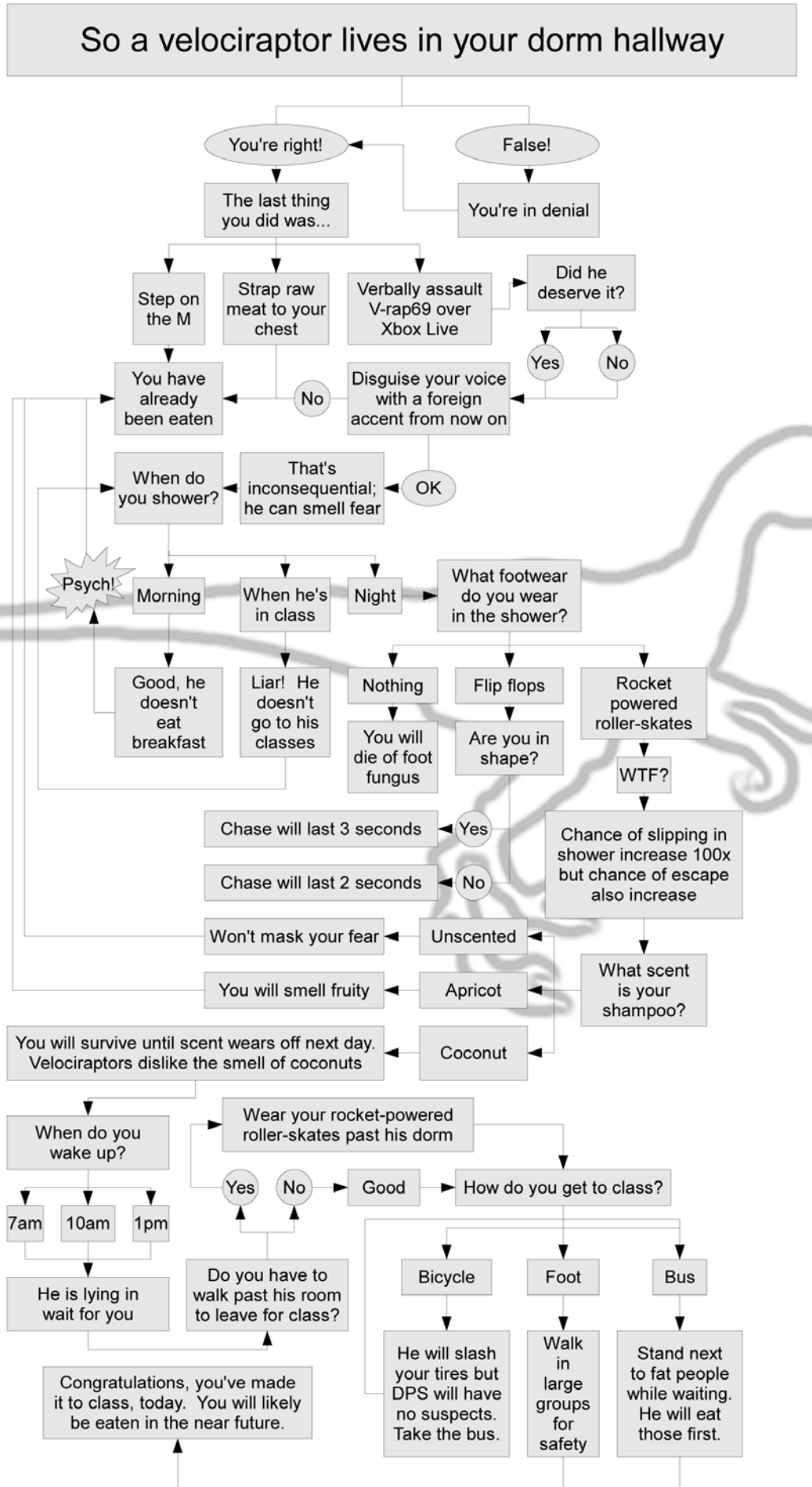
Gone gone gone are the days
Of G.I. Joe action figures with
Ninja locking nationalist pride
Given for gifts on occasions
Played with endlessly on
Simon Bolivar day
Of the new Chinese year

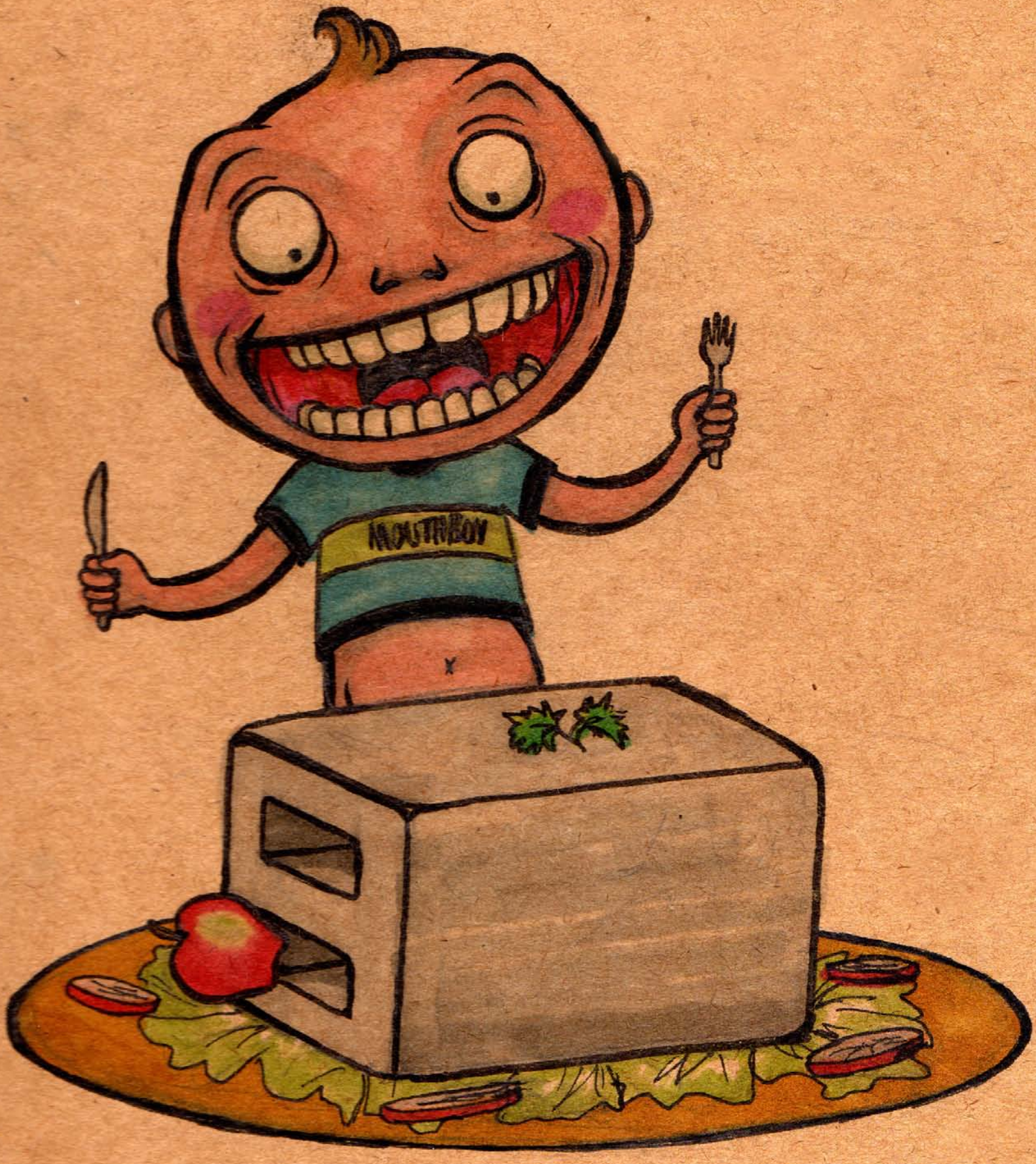
Glimmer glimmer glimmer in the eye
Of the old man feeding a duck
And cover the eyes of your children
Walking briskly past the drunk
Truckers blowing one another in bushes
Sure to use some teeth
Of mouths ravaged by age

Walter Walter Walter in the books
Of the brilliant past
No longer read in quantity
(Though you really should masturbate
To Whitman's early works)
Gathering dust on the edges
Of gold leafed pages

Spanish Spanish Spanish for the masses
Of huddled and crowded
Apathetic street night walkers
Straying never too far from home
Tortillas tasted for the sounds
Emanating from loudspeakers
Of franchised McLocals

Who who who like the owl
Of knowledge born "not quite right"
Wearing fraternity pins at a
Second-rate liberal arts school
Making rhetorical decisions that
Cost us the right to wash our hands
Of the final word


So a velociraptor lives in your dorm hallway
You're right!
False!
The last thing you did was...
You're in denial
Step on the M
Strap raw meat to your chest
Verbally assault V-rap69 over Xbox Live
Did he deserve it?
Yes
No
You have already been eaten
No
Disguise your voice with a foreign accent from now on
When do you shower?
That's inconsequential; he can smell fear
OK
Psych!
Morning
When he's in class
Night
What footwear do you wear in the shower?
Good, he doesn't eat breakfast
Liar! He doesn't go to his classes
Nothing
Flip flops
Rocket powered roller-skates
You will die of foot fungus
Are you in shape?
WTF?
Chase will last 3 seconds
Yes
Chance of slipping in shower increase 100x but chance of escape also increase
Chase will last 2 seconds
No
Won't mask your fear
Unscented
What scent is your shampoo?
You will smell fruity
Apricot
You will survive until scent wears off next day. Velociraptors dislike the smell of coconuts
Coconut
When do you wake up?
Wear your rocket-powered roller-skates past his dorm
Yes
No
Good
How do you get to class?
7am
10am
1pm
He is lying in wait for you
Do you have to walk past his room to leave for class?
Bicycle
Foot
Bus
He will slash your tires but DPS will have no suspects. Take the bus.
Walk in large groups for safety
Stand next to fat people while waiting. He will eat those first.
Congratulations, you've made it to class, today. You will likely be eaten in the near future.


MOUTHBOY

HEY, YOU!

The Gargoyle is recruiting, and we'll take ***pretty much anyone!***
Especially people interested in any of the following:

- Writing
- Jokes
- Editing and Proofreading
- Art (Any Medium!)
- Cartooning
- Layout and Design
- Having Sex
- Comedy Performance
- Storytelling
- Web Design and Maintainance
- Video or Audio Editing
- Talking About Having Sex
- Performance Art
- Exhibitionism
- Friendship
- Ad Sales
- Business
- Hanging Out
- Distribution
- Publicity
- Eating Foods
- Brainstorming & General Creativity
- VCR Repair
- Becoming a Published Author
- Laughing
- Making Fun of the Daily

Look what people have been saying about The Gargoyle!

"Everything else I did in my career was disappointing and unfulfilling compared to when I wrote for the Gargoyle!"
-Arthur Miller, Playwright

"Disgusting and completely offensive! Thirty-two pages of utter filth! I've read better bathroom stalls!"
-Johnny "Mutterbutter" Clodshanks, Hobo

"The Gargoyle was the best screw I ever had!"
-John McCain, Presidential Candidate

So come visit our table at **Festifall**, crash our **mass meeting** on **Friday, September 5th at 6 PM** in the Stanford Lipsey Student Publications building at 420 Maynard, or come to any old meeting every Friday after that, same place, same time.

Jeremy's Couch

By David Faulkner

Jeremy was in the midst of his afternoon nap when his couch tried to eat him. He woke up, startled, and nearly rolled into the couch's fanged maw, which had opened in the crevice between the back cushions and the seat cushions. Fortunately, Jeremy went the other way and, propelled by the couch's lunging snaps, bounced onto the floor. He jumped up and ran down the long hallway towards the front door, only slightly faster than the demonic sofa. Somewhere along the hallway, between the door to his office and the bathroom, Jeremy's cell phone rang.

"Sorry Mom, can't talk right now…I'm in the middle of something."

Jeremy screamed. He also ran. And he quite nearly took the Lord's name in vain, but managed to restrain himself. His escape path ran from the living room down the hall and through the kitchen, ending with Jeremy panting heavily in the foyer. The route hadn't been a straight shot. His wife was in the midst of her spring-cleaning, which meant that her entire collection of beribboned porcelain cats was strewn about the hallway for dusting. Jeremy managed some fancy footwork that would have been the envy of a young Michael Jackson, had he been there to see it.

Unfortunately it was a stubborn and violent couch, rather than the King of Pop, that pursued Jeremy. It obliterated the whole of Edith's cat collection and upended several potted plants before it was restrained by the narrow doorway between the kitchen and the foyer. Jeremy leaned against the wall and slumped to the floor.

The couch snapped and slobbered violently in the doorway, waiting for a moment's carelessness on Jeremy's behalf. Suddenly, there was a jingling of keys at the front door. The couch immediately became silent and inanimate as Jeremy's wife walked in. She was smartly dressed in a navy blue pantsuit and a pair of large sunglasses with reflective lenses. There was a small revolver in her right hand. She tucked her keys into her purse, then looked up

and opened her mouth in shock.

"Jeremy! What in heaven's name are you doing with the sofa? And what," she gasped. "What happened to my cats?"

Jeremy could scarcely compose *himself*, much less a logical explanation, so he offered the truth.

"It attacked me." He gestured towards the couch.

"For goodness' sake, Jeremy, what are you thinking? I leave you alone for twenty minutes and you've not only destroyed my porcelain cats, you've also undone all the cleaning I did this morning!"

Edith gestured as she spoke and Jeremy couldn't help but following the gun she still held with his eyes.

"What are you – oh, yes, I forgot." Edith lifted the weapon and shot Jeremy twice in the gut.

He gave her a pained and confounded look. "What did you do that for?"

"Well I hardly think I need to explain myself after the mess you made, but I'll have you know I was planning on doing it anyway!"

"Why?"

"You're always forgetting things! You forgot to put the cap back on the toothpaste, you forget when it's your turn to wash the dishes, you forget to put the trash on the curb for early pick-up, and worst of all, you forgot our anniversary!"

"Our anniversary is today," he protested.

"I know! And you haven't gotten me anything," Edith pouted.

"Yes I have."

"No you haven't. I would have found it by now. Why do you think I always do 'spring cleaning' in November?"

"I thought you were being cute. And I did get you something. I hid it in the box of Neapolitan ice cream in the freezer."

"Really? I never would have thought to look there. You know how I hate Neapolitan ice cream."

"Well, that was sort of the point." Jeremy sighed, glancing down at his blood-covered hands.

"Hm. I suppose I shouldn't have given you LSD and shot you, then."

"LSD?"

"Yes." Edith looked at the floor and rubbed her chin pensively. "Now that I think about it, the couch thing makes sense, but I'm still pretty peeved about the cats."

"Why did you give me LSD? And when?"

"I slipped it into your cereal this morning. Gordon said it would dull the pain when I shot you."

Jeremy finally summoned the courage to inspect his wounds, which were quite severe. He gently prodded the higher of the two, winced in pain, and decided against any further inquiry.

"I don't think it worked."

"You're calling your own brother a liar? Some brother you are, Jeremy. Jeremy. Jeremy? Jeremy!"

Jeremy couldn't hear Edith anymore. His time was up. He slumped over to rest his head on the floor and promptly died.

The world was dark. And nippy. Jeremy swore he could hear someone shouting at him, too. A vigorous shaking roused him from his stupor. He opened his eyes, deeply disappointed by how much the hereafter resembled his foyer, and even further disappointed by how chilly it was.

"Jeremy, wake up. The couch ate Edith," Gordon was saying.

"What?" Now fully awake and very confused, Jeremy looked down at his stomach in search of bullet holes but found none.

"Looks like it escaped out the back window." Gordon gestured toward the large bay window in the back of the house.

Jeremy grunted and stood. From what he could tell, a large thing in slipcovers had demolished the windows and galloped into the woods behind the house.

"So, uh, I must have hallucinated the gunshots, then?"

"What gunshots? What are you talking about?" Gordon asked, puzzled.

"Oh, nothing. It was nothing. What are you doing here?"

"I came with Edith. She was supposed to tell you this morning that we were eloping together."

"She left out that part, but she managed to remember to put LSD into my cereal," Jeremy said accusingly.

"Oh yes. That. Well, I figured it would cushion the blow, eh? Emotionally? Anyway, we came here to pick up her cats. I offered to help, but Edith said it was probably best for me to wait in the car. She yelled out the door that you were unconscious in the foyer, but I didn't go inside until I heard her screaming. I –"

"My God!" Jeremy bellowed. Gordon turned around following his gaze. They watched in horror as Jeremy's couch crashed through his neighbor's front window and ate the mailman.

In order to educate the general populace on the finer points of Gangsta Rap theory, Gargoyle Special Economic Correspondent Jake "The Jaw" Jensen has prepared these informative graphs on the nature of that most complex and intricate phenomenon, Gangsta Rap Economics.

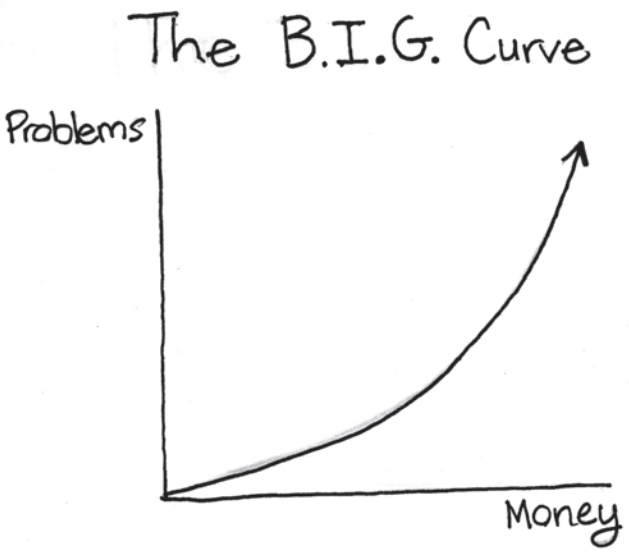


Figure 1.01 One of the earliest pioneers in Gangsta Rap Economics, The Notorious B. I. G. was the first to discover the positive correlation between money and problems. Upon close inspection of the graph, one will notice that "mo' money" actually equals "mo' problems."

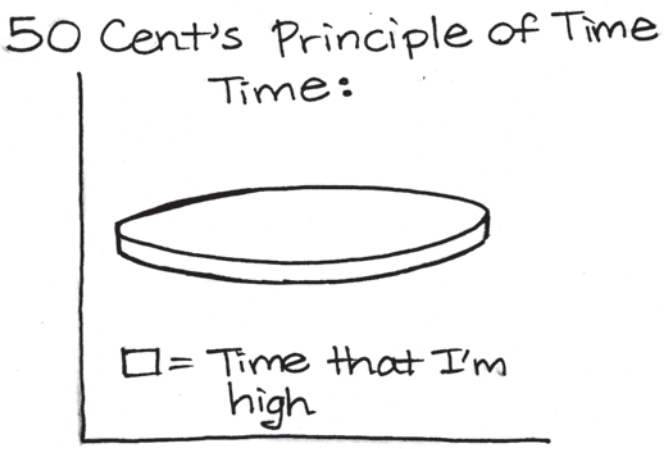


Figure 1.02 In recent years, Fitty has made valuable contributions in the field of chronic studies. Here we have his well-known principle of time. Note that the period of time is left unspecified, leading one to conclude that 50 Cent must get high all the time.

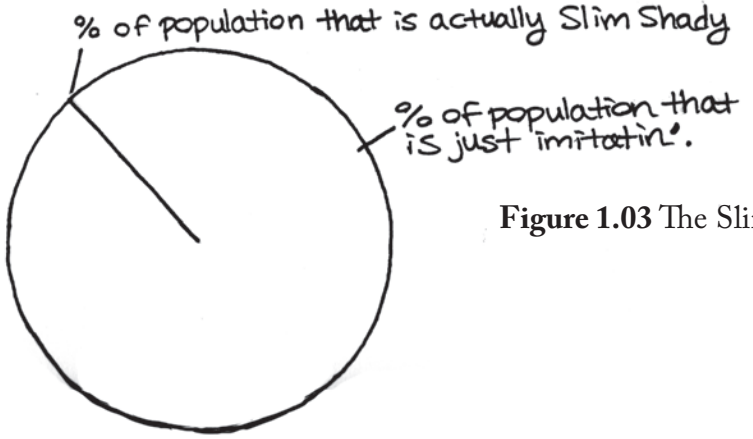


Figure 1.03 The Slim Shady Paradox

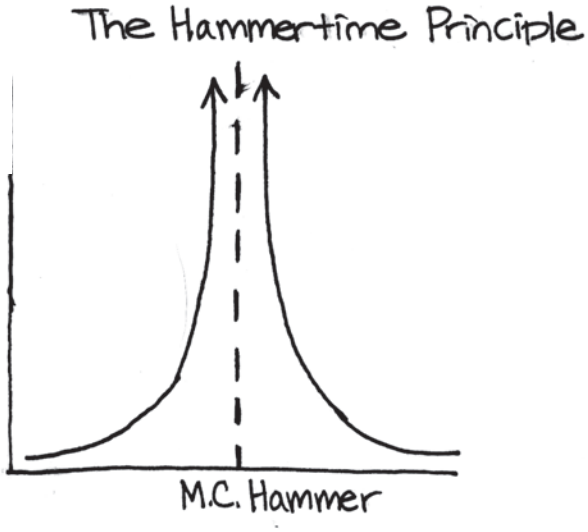


Figure 1.04 While fairly obvious in its simplicity, the Hammertime Principle is nonetheless one of the most commonly used theorems in Gangsta Rap Economics: "Given any amount of things you can touch, you may come infinitely close to, but never intersect, M. C. Hammer."

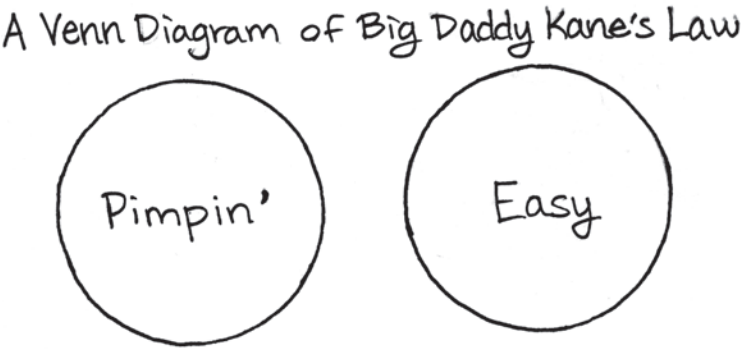


Figure 1.05 This is a visual representation of Big Daddy Kane's work in ho' studies. The two circles of the diagram never overlap, giving witness to what many experts consider to be the most fundamental of truths: "Pimpin' ain't easy."

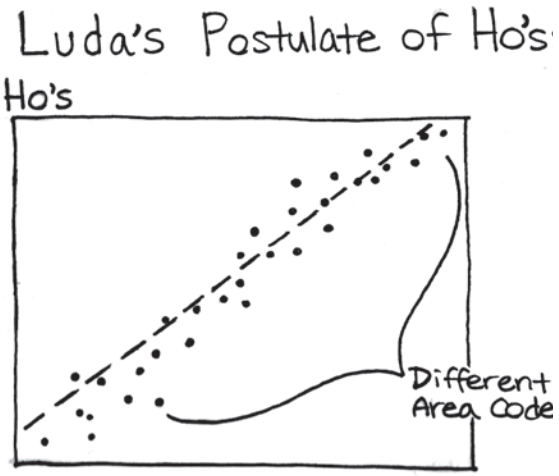


Figure 1.06 Notice that because no two ho's occupy the same area code, it's not technically cheating. Of course, this is but an enhanced graphical representation of pimping on a small scale. If we were to graph the aggregate scatter plots, we would observe a global trend, i.e. "pimpin' all over the world." (See Figure 1.07)

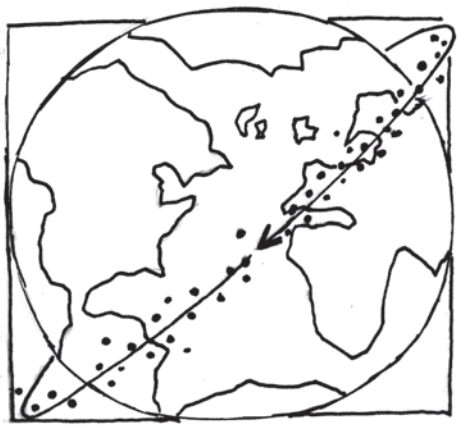


Figure 1.07

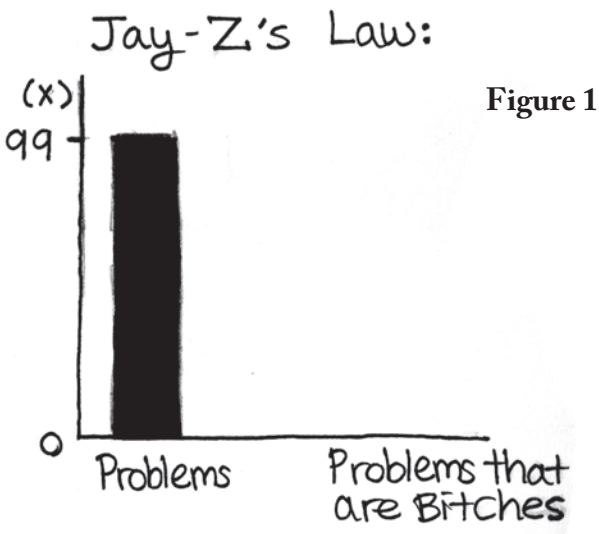


Figure 1.08

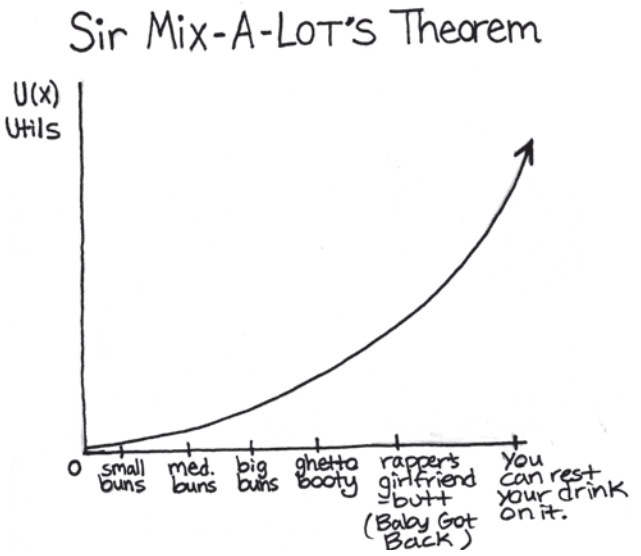
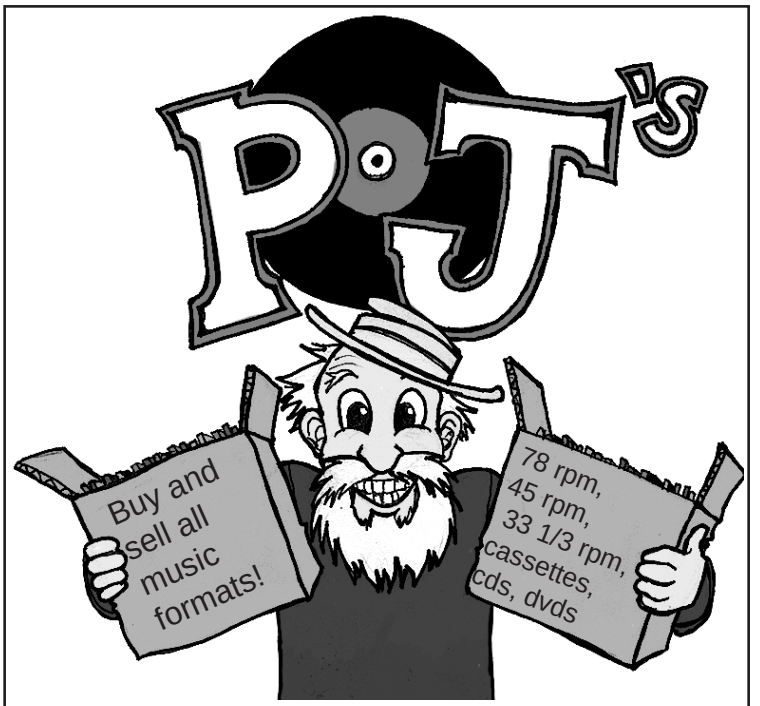


Figure 1.09 Having been knighted by the Queen of England in 1991 in recognition of his work in Gangsta Rap Economics, Sir Mix-a-Lot defined and graphed the positive correlation between personal happiness (measured in Utils) and big butts. Note that Sir Mix-a-Lot refuses to place a limit on the amount of happiness one can receive from a "healthy butt."



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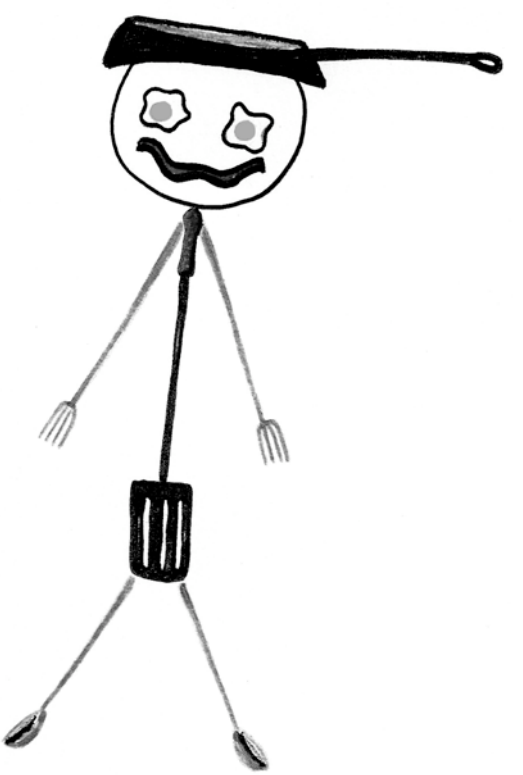
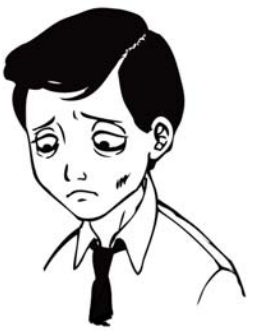


The Continuing Adventures of Sickly Peter



Part Two

(In Which Sickly Peter and Teddy Wish Upon a Shooting Star)

"Look, Teddy, a shooting star! Make a wish!"
"I wished for a new Scrabble set, one with consonants and everything!"
"What did you wish for?"
PETER

What about jokes about the Promise-Keepers?

Why isn't there a comprehensive list of jokes about Gore Vidal?

The world is doomed

Imagine a jet engine coming to a stop, and powering up to come forward again.

This can happen to YOU.

How is the new Studebaker this year?

MacArthur's wiley penis: the bane of the pacific

Little known fact: Edward Teller, father of the H-Bomb, was axtually an old queen.

That kind of looks like the Edsel.

More Edsel/Hobo/Rush jokes; an emporium of shitty jokes.

''Ow, wow, why did I think that would be pleasurable? Ow.''

We are the priests, of the temples of Syrinx

You said we needed more Rush jokes

I also said more Hobo jokes maybe hobo and rush jokes

There is trouble in the forest, the oaks and the maples and the hobos.

Rush is so more awesome than Sty x: fuckin' eh8'

Showing my boobs will accomplish nothing

everything!

Give me the CHILD.